PERSONS AND THINGS MOST DISLIKED BY NAPOLEON, THE "LITTLE CORPORAL"

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nowhere may Napoleon's style be better studied than in "Lettres Inedites de Napoleon I," just published in Paris. For his style was essentially a style of command, and found a fitting occasion in the arrogant denunciation of his foes. Now, Napoleon was not merely the greatest general of all time; he was master of an eloquence which was the more impressive for its severity. Before all other men, he had the gift of direct utterance; he never wasted a word or slurred an idea. He cut away from his plain, eager statement every ornament that might embellish or confuse, and he conveyed a truth or passed a sentence in naked, irresistible periods. As you read his letters says a "Fortnightly Review" writer, you are caught up in a very whirlwind of command; face to face with this terrific intelligence, which expressed itself with perfect clarity because it never knew doubt, you suffer the fatigue of exhausted admiration; you shudder at the passionate intensity thrown into half a dozen words. Blow after blow hits its mark with the surety of a hammer on its anvil. In a letter addressed to M. de Champagny he comes near to formulating a theory of style. "Tell the man Lefebvre," says he, "that the tone of his dispatch is not what it should be to his minister; he should try to seize his minister's intention, and not to make epigrams. Let him follow the direction given, not give a direction of his own. Inform him that in reading the dispatch I asked his age, and that it seemed to me to be written by a man of 20." In truth it was no part of Napoleon's business to make epigrams; with him eloquence was not a separate art; it was his policy put into words; and it received its force from the fact that it was backed by an all-powerful will, which knew neither pity nor hesitation. Yet, personal as it was, it had its origin in the study of the ancients. Its classic severity proceeds directly from Caesar, from Plutarch, from Livy; nor can there be any doubt that Napoleon's policy was immensely strengthened by this talent of militant concision.

Stendhal has said that Napoleon never hated anybody except a Jacobin; and the emperor's letters, hitherto banished to the Index, abundantly refute this over-amiable judgment. It would be nearer the truth to declare that he loathed all men. For his correspondence contains a very gospel of hate. In the first place, he hated stupidity, and, alas! he encountered it in all those to whom he intrusted the performance of his designs. Then he hated opposition by whomsoever offered; and remembering the superiority of his intelligence, you are not surprised that his hate expressed itself in a general irritation. But he reserved for three objects a peculiarly active detestation and there is hardly a page in which Mme. de Stael, England and the pope do not receive a share of vituperation. The emperor's furious indignation against the author of "Corrinne" is not easily intelligible, and it certainly gave its victim an undeserved repute. Had she been left alone to her little salon in the Rue du Bac, she never could have posed for a shaker of dynasties; and, if once the discomfort of exile be set aside, she certainly gained far more than she lost by Napoleon's persecution. However, this lady, ambitious as she was to "collect" great men, never succeeded in winning their regard. Byron flouted her, and the Prince de Ligne, for all her editorial service, could not endure her presence. But it was her greatest glory to have aroused the loathing of the great Napoleon, who pursued her with a tireless zeal. The attack was begun as early as 1800. "M. de Stael," he writes to the Citizen Joseph, "is in the deepest poverty, while your wife gives dinners and balls. If you continue to see her, could you not compel this woman to grant her husband an allowance of one or two thousand francs a month?" He would have her judged as a man, and pertinently asks what the world would have thought had the positions been reversed, and the husband had left the wife to starve. But as yet there is no talk of exile, though by 1805 she is banished from the capital as an element of discord. "She pretends," he tells Fouche, "that I have allowed her to come to Paris, and she wants to stay there. Let her be off to Coppet; you know that I am not imbecile enough to wish her within twenty leagues of Paris."

A year later he is convinced that this "coquine" is not far off, and again he orders her not to approach his capital. But her persistence is almost as great as his own, and in a few months another order is necessary to remove the mischievous intriguer forty leagues from Paris. In 1807 another furious letter is necessary. "Among the thousand and one things which fall into my hands from Mme. de Stael" (Fouche is again the recipient) "this letter will show you what a good French woman we have in her. If it were Prince Louis, our frantic enemy, who compassed the loss of his monarchy, she would have done her best to see him. My intention is that she shall never leave Geneva. Let her go, if she likes, with the friends of Prince Louis. Today she toadies the great; tomorrow she is a patriot and democrat; and in truth you can not curb your indignation when you see all the forms assumed by this ——;" even the French editor suppresses the word; and presently the emperor consigns her forever to her Coppet, to her Genevese, and her Maison Necker. Nor would he leave her in peace even in that distant seclusion. He keeps a record of her visitors and is ready to treat the slightest friendship with her as a crime. He falls in an access of rage upon Prince Augustus, of Prussia, whose ill-conduct at Berlin is reported to him. "I am not surprised," he admits to Marshal Victor, "for he has no sense. He has passed his time in paying court to Mme. de Stael at Coppet where he could not pick up any but bad principles. * * * Tell him that at the very first word you will have him arrested and shut up in a castle, and that you will send Mme. de Stael to console him. Il n'y a rien de plat comme tous ces Princess de Prusse!" One would think that the limit of detestation and contempt was reached, but presently Napoleon devises a more stringent method of suppression. At last he finds her in correspondence with one Gentz, who belongs to a gang of shufflers in London. Henceforth banishment is insufficient for her crime. "I desire that she should be watched at Coppet," says he to Fouche, "and you will give the necessary orders to the prefect of Geneva. A lasson with this individual can only be for the detriment of France. You will inform her that hitherto she has only been regarded as mad, but that today she enters into a plot against the public tranquility. I have also ordered my minister of foreign affairs to instruct my agents in foreign courts, and to have her watched wherever she goes." But he struck his heaviest blow when she published her book on Germany, the fruit of long exile and deep research. First he would know whether she had a right to the dignity of baroness, which was flourished on the title page, and then he would suppress so many passages that the book did not appear in its proper shape for many years. Such is his campaign against this persistent blue stocking, and whether or no she was worth his ceaseless vigilance and his fierce resentment, at least he succeeded in the suppression of what he believed a danger to the state.

His hatred of England is more easily intelligible, and far worthier his imperial majesty. For England was his one serious antagonist, and despite his loudly expressed contempt, he was unable to conceal from himself her dangerous rivalry. In his eyes she was the general enemy, and nothing but her complete humiliation was necessary to the peace and prosperity of Europe. Wherefore it was his dream to send her to a kind of political coventry, to exclude her ships from every foreign port and to make any intercourse with an Englishman a capital offense. With what energy and success he pursued this policy of exclusion is made abundantly clear. A general who dared to receive an Englishman at dinner was in immediate disgrace. The king of Holland was always the enemy of France because he was unable to exclude the ships of Great Britain from his ports. In 1807 the emperor contemplated a descent upon the recalcitrant island. His fleet, said he, was ready, and a vast army stationed at Boulogne. Meanwhile, he gave orders that all the English diplomatists should be driven from the courts of Europe, and that the whole continent should be "purged" of the enemies' presence. There was no city, from the channel to Siberia, where letters were admitted which bore the mark London. "Seize them all," he cried; "and throw them in the fire." When Sir Arthur Wellesley began his victorious campaign in the peninsula, the emperor denounced the "impudence" of the English, who should dare to undertake a war on land, and it was long before he would believe in the possibility of defeat. "The English," he wrote, "are in flight, and have sent for 10,000 horses that they may get away the more speedily." And with his inexhaustible fertility he insisted that this cowardice should be celebrated in caricatures and comic songs, and that the songs should be translated into German and Italian and thrown broadcast over Europe. He goes even further; he suggests articles which should appear in the journals to England's discredit, and even sketches the line that the leader writer should adopt. Moreover, there was none of English birth in the whole continent of Europe whom he did not watch with sleepless ferocity. He had as keen a scent for English blood as a hound for a fox. The humblest menial did not escape him. "There is no reason," he told the police, "why M. de Chevreuse should not have a governess for his children, but there is every reason why that governess should not be an Englishwoman." And straightway she was deported or imprisoned. The policy was spirited, and it failed because it could not be carried out by one man. The world has known but one Napoleon, and it needed a battalion to follow his designs to a successful conclusion.

Nowhere, in fact, did Napoleon show his disregard of history and tradition so splendidly as in his firm treatment of the church. He had more monks, priests, cardinals and bishops under lock and key than he could count. He had set himself to achieve the mastery of the world, and nothing was allowed to impede his march. His daring outstripped the bravest conceptions of Caesar or of Alexander. He invented a new world for himself, like Shakespeare, and, like Shakespeare, tore it to pieces that he might have no worthy followers. England, the pope, Mme. de Stael—how he hated them all! And if only he had trampled England into the same mire wherein he flung the church, he never would have seen the cast line of St. Helena. But a man has only one brain and two hands, and not even Napoleon could do the work of a thousand. His brothers could not help him, and herein lay his deepest tragedy. He loved Louis and he loved Joseph, and he believed that the blood which flowed in their veins was the blood that flowed in his. But what had he, the greatest freak of the modern world, to do with brothers or cousins or uncles? He stood by himself, and lived his own life, yet grumbled ever at the inevitable failure of others. The letters addressed to the king of Holland are pathetic for all their tragedy. "Are you the ally of England or of France?" he asked piteously; "I do not know." Louis had not "the grand manner." How should he, poor devil? "The future grandeur of your people is in your hands," he wrote another time. "If you govern by jeremiads, you will furnish me with nothing more than the miserable 6,000 men that are in Hanover, and you will be more useless than the duke of Baden." But Louis was helpless even after such a letter. The final appeal, de l'energie, de l'energie, fell upon an ear deafened by his people's indifference, and he could alonly listen despairingly to the monumental postscript: ::It is only by braving the opinion of the weak and ignorant that you can assure the good of your people."

But it was Jerome who received the stateliest reproof, and who was honored by the letters of most eloquent reproach. "In war," wrote Napoleon from Schroenbrunn, "there is neither the brother of the emperor, nor the king of Westphalia, but a general who commands his corps." And on the same day he sends another letter: "You are king and brother to an emperor, qualities ridiculous in war. You must be soldat, et puis soldat, et encore soldat. You need neither minister, nor diplomatists, nor pomp; you must bivouac with your advance guard, you must be day and night in the saddle, you must march with your advance guard to get news; or else you must stay with your seraglio. You make war like a satrap." Does not that reproof come like a thunderclap? And the contrast between himself and Jerome is still more eloquent. "The trade of soldier and the trade of courtier are far apart. I was scarcely your age when I had conquered the whole of Italy and had beaten Austrian armies three times as numerous as my own. But I had neither flatterers nor diplomatists in my suite. I made war like a soldier; there is no other way of making it. I did not pretend to be brother to an emperor or king; I did all that I must to beat an enemy." Thus it was to his brothers that he sent his most splendid passages of prose. And Jerome he signaled out for favors above the rest. "My friend, I love you," he set in his own handwriting at the end of a stern reproach; "but you are furieusement jeune. Keep Simeon and Buegnot, without oath at least another year, Alors comme alors!"

Alors comme alors! And when failure and defeat overwhelmed him it was still of his brothers that he thought. In a tragic letter addressed to Mme. Mere he insists that Louis should stand by the throne, already in peril, as a French prince; and with Europe invaded he makes the same demand of Joseph. History cannot show more impassioned, more closely reasoned appeals, than these, made to the loyalty of brothers on the eve of his ruin. But his grasp of details weakened no more than his dignity. To the very end he would control the world, and show himself the supreme hero that he was. "Today as at Austerlitz," he wrote to Joseph from Rheims, "I am master." But his will was not equal to circumstances, and having sent back the pope, and having recommended economy to every one, he was forced to retire to Elba. During the 100 days he pursued the countless occupations which, perhaps, had diverted his genius; once more he picked up the myriad threads of government. With his brain distracted by the appointment of prefects and the control of the police, how should he design his last campaign? Yet even after Waterloo he was not hopeless. "All is not lost," he assured Joseph. Within three days he believed he could put himself at the head of 50,000 men. Above all he exclaimed, du courage et de la fermete. But it was too late for firmness or courage. Napoleon had fallen, and with his fall there died that renowned style which found its sanction in limitless power, and which may best be studied in this series of letters, which, for brutality and persuasiveness, cannot be matched in the literature of the world.

LATEST STYLE OF DRESS

Correct Attire For Men Who Are In Fashion.

SOME INVIOLABLE RULES

The Popular Patterns For Morning, Afternoon and Evening—The Colors and Materials Which Should Be Used.

From the Sartorial Art Journal.

Between correct morning attire and either afternoon or evening dress, there is as marked difference as there is between a silk hat and a derby.

A suit which will be much in evidence, and also, perhaps, more distinctly swell than any other, is the business-cutaway frock suit; or, as it is more frequently termed, the morning suit. The coat of this suit is long waisted and short skirted, generally has a whole back, and, as a rule, has long and wide flaps on the waist-seam which cover pockets, though frequently the flaps are placed slantingly below the seam; occasionally, however, it is made without flaps. The roll is heavy, but of medium length, and the fronts, which have four buttons, though they close with three only, are but slightly cut away. The shoulders, which are very broad, are high, and rounded in effect; the edges are double stitched; the seams are lapped and single stitched wide; the sleeve finish is a two or a three button vent, and the buttons are of horn. The vest will sometimes be double and sometimes single breasted. The former will have broad, well pointed, sewedon lapels and the buttons will be set wide apart at the end of the roll, but much closer together at the bottom. The latter may have a notched collar, or be collarless; the no-collar style, which has a short opening, is very popular, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. Whether double or single breasted, the pockets may be finished with either flaps or welts. The trousers will be of liberal width at the hips, and will taper in straight lines to the bottom, which will be moderately narrow. They will generally average about 19 inches in width at the knee and 17 at the bottom, though some of our leading tailors are making them wider at the knee, and giving to them a decided pegtop effect.

Tweeds and cheviots, generally in overplaids, but not infrequently in plain mixtures, will be the favorite materials for the suit; but unless we are greatly mistaken, several varieties of black and white striped cheviots and worsteds will be frequently seen. The vest, however, will very often be of a Tattetrsail vesting, of a fancy mixed silk and worsted, of moleskin or of corduroy. Sometimes the coat and trousers will be made from a Shetland and the vest from a white corduroy; but gun-club checks and fancy worsteds will frequently be used for the entire suit. The newest material, and one that promises to become popular is a fancy whip cord for the coat and trousers, to be worn with a fancy mixed silk and worsted vest.

The sack suit, though more conservative than the one we have just described, will be more generally worn. The coat is shorter and more "bobby" in appearance than it was last season, and has broad, high and well-rounded shoulders, which strongly contrast with the high and square shoulder corners of the English-made garment. Our transatlantic cousins now make the style of shoulder which they ridiculed for years as the "American shoulder," a style that has not been fashionable in this country for a generation; but they seem never to have discovered the fact that it long ago ceased to be a characteristic of American tailoring. The sack is shapely in the back, seeming to taper from the shoulders to the waist, and it is moderately short, and the fronts, whether they close with three or four buttons, are not much cut away below the lowest one. The artistic tailor endeavors so to make this coat as to give to the wearer as tall, broad-shouldered and athletic an appearance as possible. There is no outside breast pocket, as a rule; but there is a growing tendency to replace this pocket in garments of this kind. The vest and the trousers for this suit are the same as for the business cutaway frock suit already described.

The conventional three-button cutaway frock will, of course, be frequently seen, as it is, strictly speaking, a morning dress coat. This coat is of medium waist length, and has skirts which average one inch less in length than the back length to the waist. The shoulders, like those of its half-brother, the business cutaway, and those of the sack, are broad, high and well rounded. The favorite materials for this coat are soft vicunas, rough Shetlands, lambs' wools, gray thibets and unfinished worsteds. The vest will generally be double-breasted and of the same material as the coat; but fancy vestings will find much favor for it. The single-breasted vest is, of course, correct, made from either material, and will be the more fancied by men of conservative taste, especially by those who are no longer liable to be charged with youthfulness. The trousers will be made from every fashionable variety of moderately light-colored worsteds, or wool fabric, in striped plaids and checks.

FOR AFTERNOON.

The double-breasted frock is the only unimpeachably correct coat for afternoon dress, but the three-button cutaway frock is tolerated for that purpose. The latter is, strictly speaking, a half-dress coat for afternoon wear.

The double-breasted frock is now made with skirts to fall to the knees, with only a very moderate amount of drapery. The shoulders, as for all other coats, are broad, though less so than for business coats, and are high and round. The silk generally extends to the buttonholes only, but it is sometimes carried to the edges. As a rule, the edges are blind-stitched, but narrow, flat braiding is increasing in popularity.

The favorite material for this coat is a rough black or gray tweed in a terrapin, basket or diagonal twill; but cheviots, rough Shetlands, vicunas and undressed worsteds are also well liked. For street wear the collar is sometimes of velvet, but as a rule it is of the same material as the body of the coat.

The vest may be double or single-breasted, as previously described, but the latter will always have a notched collar. It may be made in either style from the same material as the coat, or from a fancy vesting, but fancy silks are more popular than ever before. The trousers, as for morning dress, are loose at the hips, tapering with but slight shape to narrow bottoms, and they are made from the same class of trouserings.

The cutaway frock is made from the same materials as those just named, and is the same style as for morning dress. The correct vest and trousers to wear with it are the same as for the double-breasted frock.

FOR EVENING.

No other suit than that of full evening dress can properly be worn at any social function, after 6 o'clock in the evening, with one exception, which is merely tolerated. It is not quite a sartorial crime to wear a Tuxedo, if the wearer has been or is going to a stag dinner.

The dress coat is now generally made with peaked lapels; the shawl-roll style being seldom called for even by young men, though it is still unimpeachably correct. It has moderately broad shoulders, which are a trifle less high and rounded than for day dress, and is of medium length, extending to just above the bend of the knees. The peaked lapel style is silk faced, as a rule, to the edge, and has a self-covered collar, but the collar and lapels are sometimes all silk and frequently the silk extends only to the buttonholes. The skirts are moderately wide at the bottom, and the edges are generally blindstitched, though cording and narrow binding are sometimes used. The newest thing in this coat is to make the roll concave on the edge, so as to expose a wider expanse of shirt bosom; but this style is not yet popular. The vest may be either single or double-breasted, and of the same material as the coat or of a dress vesting. As a rule it is single-breasted if of the former, and double-breasted if of the latter material. In either case it has a wide shield-shaped opening. The single-breasted vest has the edges ornamented with one or two rows of fancy braid, if the material is the same as for the coat, but the double-breasted vests are generally single stitched. The trousers are much more shapely than for day dress, and have the side seams finished with one or two rows of braid, as a rule, though a perfectly plain finish is correct, and is preferred by many whose taste is conservative.

The favorite material with the "exclusives" for the coat and trousers is a black angora—a very attractive novelty in this material is black with a gray thread running through it—but worsteds with a fine twill, undressed worsteds and thibets are chiefly used. For the vest, fancy dark and fancy light silks are very popular, but brocaded silks, mostly plain, though sometimes fancy, are in large demand.

The Tuxedo will generally have peaked lapels, silk faced to the edge and sometimes it will have the collar of silk also; but the shawl-collar style will be considerably in evidence, with, of course, an all-silk roll. It is not considered quite good form, by some who rank high in the world of fashion, to wear a fancy white silk vest with this coat; but so many do it that the practice cannot justly be considered an offense either against good taste or propriety.